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A DESCRIPTION of CANADA.

TRAVELLERS have always visited Canada with rapture. A fine fertile country, rich and happy, affords a thousand scenes for amusement. The fancy can scarcely imagine a more delightful region. The noble river St. Laurence, palling through a champain territory, is adorned, on each side, with one continued chain of settlements---or rather, one village, for nearly four hundred miles. The cities of Quebec and Montreal, the parish churches, parish houses, and more compact clusters near them, furnish a great variety of edifices, worthy the attention of strangers. The city of Quebec, by nature and art, is one of the strongest fortifications possessed by the British nation. From the citadel and Upper Town, the eye is entertained, in every direction, with pleasing landscapes. South, we see Point Levi, and the extensive well settled country in its rear; this view is bounded by the horizon, as far as the eye can reach. North, the river St. Charles, the distant Indian village of Lorette, and the gentle slope of the small hills, variegated with spires of churches, and neat farm houses, entertain us with a large display of beautiful objects for the pencil of the limner. Within a mile, the benevolent heart is charmed with a sight of that noble charity, the general hospital; an asylum for the sick and poor; supported, endowed, and attended, by pious, venerable females,---an institution exceeded by few in its noble acts of humanity. West, from the fortifications, we see the extensive plain, called Abraham's, where Wolfe and Montcalm fell---where Wooster, Montgomery, and an hardy, valiant corps of Americans, endured the hardships of a winter's campaign, in 1776; while Carleton,

in uneasy quarters, weathered out the storm. East, the Isle of Orleans, and the water scene exhibited by the confluence of the rivers St. Charles and St. Laurence, are not less interesting than the others. The falls of Montmorency, the cove where Wolfe landed, the places where Wolfe and Montgomery fell, and the Indian village of Lorette, are part of the many places which travellers, of every grade, visit with a variety of pleasing reflections. Few places employ the attention of military men, historians, and politicians, more than Quebec. Long the key to the country of Canada, and chief bulwark for its defence; it has been the theatre of many military, and other important events.

Montreal is less celebrated in war. Its fortifications are out of repair. A part of the army are generally barracked in it. In every direction Montreal also arrests our attention--the mountain, skirted with farms and villages, is fertile in all kinds of fruit, grain, and vegetables, which can be produced in northern climates. Imagination cannot form more picture-like scenes, than we behold from the summit. The Caughnawaga, La Prairie, and Longueuil villages, or towns, on the South of the St. Laurence, and the intermediate sheet of rapid and smooth waters, from twelve to four miles distance from the city, afford a great variety of objects to charm us.

By stipulation, by treaty, and by the articles of war, the French inhabitants enjoy the old code of laws, which regulated them before the conquest. Since that period, the privilege of trial by jury, of electing representatives to their provincial legislatures, and many other parts of the British judicial and political system, are introduced. Proceedings in law, are regulated either by French or English customs, and in those respective languages, at the pleasure of the plaintiff.

The society of Jesuits had erected and endowed large colleges for extending literature, but their estates were seized upon at the conquest--their colleges are converted to prisons, barracks, and courts of justice. Hence it is that learning has not made its desired progress in Canada. The Catholic clergy maintain two large academies, one in Mon-

zeal, and the other in Quebec. The languages and other common branches of polite literature, are taught there gratis, or for very small premiums, according to the pecuniary circumstances of the child and parent. Some adventurers from Scotland, are teaching English schools in those cities.

While the young men are debarred in some degree, for want of colleges and proper endowments for them, of the benefits of a liberal education---great care is taken by the females, of the younger part of their sex. In the cities ample provision is made for every rank; for rich and poor. The nunneries are chiefly for education, or for hospitals. In large villages, female academies, or large schools, under the direction of their own sex, are erected. These public regulations are so contiguous to the inhabitants, so easy to be obtained, and the expence so small, that it may be said, that no country appears to be better prepared for making females wise and virtuous.

General toleration and protection in religion obtains in Canada---an universal harmony prevails among the various professors of christianity. The clergy are well supported---their incomes are ample, though not excessive; they are enabled to maintain due hospitality, and to support their office with dignity. However singular or extraordinary it may appear to Protestants, yet there is great reason to believe, that the people of New-England, annually pay greater tribute to support the clergy, according to their numbers, than the people of Canada. Could the parish books in both countries be compared together, in parishes of equal age and numbers, for the last hundred years, the New-England man has paid more to support his religion, than the Catholic has paid in Canada. The reason for this is, in New-England, every minister receives upon his settling down with a parish, a sum called a settlement, which becomes his private property. The original reservation of lands, and the deposits of the pious, have endowed the Catholic parishes. The property is *not* the priest's, it belongs to the church large.

Canada is in general a level country. The St. Laurence, Sorel, and Ottawa, are the chief rivers, many of inferior length empty into these; all uniting with the lakes and other waters which form the St. Laurence, and make it rather an arm of the sea, than a river---in many places it includes waters equal in extent to some called seas.

Chambly, Montreal, the heights called the Two Mountains, near the lake of that name, and the high lands between Lake Champlain and St. Regis, in Upper Canada, are the principal mountains, and almost the only high lands in those countries.

The rapids in many parts of those waters which empty into the St. Laurence, give the voyager and spectator a variety of sensations---fear, surprize, and wonder, agitate all who adopt that mode of passing from place to place---Locks are formed, and means taken to make water transportation safe and commodious. The dexterity of the watermen, and the facility with which they ascend rapids of considerable extent, is surprizing.

Few settlements in a new country have equalled, in the same period, those formed by emigrants from the States into Upper Canada. Fine houses, excellent farms, and the conveniences of mills and artists, are numerous. The product of the country is conveyed by boats and rafts to Montreal. That city being situated at the head of the deep waters, and in the heart of a fertile country, must be a place of extensive traffic.

To obtain any just idea of the Canadas, we must journey through them. The politeness of every order is great; the respectful attention of the Indian and the peasant, exceeds that of countries and men who boast of their happier privileges.

The military, civil, and English part of the ecclesiastical establishments, are supported by England. A Protestant bishop resides at Quebec; and a learned pious clergy are under his jurisdiction. Two Catholic bishops preside at the head of that church---gentlemen of abilities, learning, piety, and many polite accomplishments.

Settlements are rapidly making in the neighbourhood of Vermont, by emigrants from the States. The enterprise, hardy industry, perseverance, and prolific habits of New-England men, will soon convert the territory South of the St. Laurence into English settlements. While the Protestant religion will be introduced there. The late resignation of the Western Posts, places a large number of Catholics, and many chapels within the limits of the State of New-York.

If those provinces are to become part of the States, and liberty and independence flourish there, the numerous settlers who annually remove thither, will accomplish such an event more effectually than an army. Land speculators would not perhaps gain so many acres to themselves; but cultivation and population would give more riches and wealth to the inhabitants.

The Indian tribes enjoy great peace and happiness in the northern provinces. The Catholic religion has had great influence to check their ferocity--to restrain their rambling habits, and reduce them to order in their villages. Few outrages upon the safety of each other, or upon the neighbouring people, take place. Great familiarity and good humour prevails among the natives of the country, and the French inhabitants.

This summary sketch is presented for the public amusement. It helps the young student in geography, to a short view of a scene, which men of fortune, of leisure, and of business, often traverse with satisfaction.

To have made the tour of America, will soon be as important an object, as once for us to have made the tour of Europe.

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AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE
KINGDOM OF ALGIERS.

[Continued from page 77.]

THESE proposals having been accepted by the Porte, the deputies returned highly satisfied; and having notified their new privileges, the great *Douanier* immediately pro-

ceded to the election of a dey from among themselves. They compiled a new set of laws, and made several regulations for the better support and maintenance of this new form of government, to the observation of which they obliged all their subjects to swear; and the militia, navy, commerce, &c. were all settled pretty nearly on the footing upon which they now are, and which shall be afterwards described; though the subsequent altercations that frequently happened between the bashaws and deys, the one endeavouring to recover their former power, and the other to curtail it, caused such frequent complaints and discontents at the Ottoman court, as made them frequently repent their compliance.

In the year 1601, the Spaniards, under the command of Doria the Genoese admiral, made another attempt upon Algiers, in which they were more fortunate than usual, their fleet being only driven back by contrary winds, so that they came off without loss. In 1609, The Moors being expelled from Spain, flocked in great numbers to Algiers; and as many of them were very able sailors, they undoubtedly contributed to make the Algerine fleet so formidable as it became soon after; though it is probable the frequent attempts made on their city would also induce them to increase their fleet. In 1616, their fleet consisted of 40 sail of ships between 200 and 400 tons; their admiral 500 tons. It was divided into two squadrons, one of 18 sail, before the port of Malaga; and the other at the cape of Santa Maria, between Lisbon and Seville; both of which fell foul on all Christian ships, both English and French, with whom they pretended to be in friendship, as well as Spaniards and Portuguese, with whom they were at war.

The Algerines were now become very formidable to the European powers. The Spaniards, who were most in danger, and least able to cope with them, solicited the assistance of England, the Pope, and other States. The French, however, were the first who dared to shew their resentment of the perfidious behaviour of these miscreants; and in 1617, M. Bezalieu was sent against them with a fleet of

50 men of war, who defeated their fleet, took two of their vessels, while their admiral sunk his own ship and crew, rather than fall into his enemies hands.

In 1620, a squadron of English men of war was sent against Algiers, under the conduct of Sir Robert Mansel: but of this expedition we have no other account, than that it returned without doing any thing; and the Algerines, becoming more and more insolent, openly defied all the European powers, the Dutch only excepted; to whom, in 1625, they sent a proposal, directed to the prince of Orange, that in case they would fit out 20 sail of ships the following year, upon any good service against the Spaniards, they would join them with 60 sail of their own.

The next year, the *Coulolies*, or *Cologlies* (the children of such Turks as had been permitted to marry at Algiers), who were enrolled in the militia, having seized on the citadel, had well nigh made themselves masters of the city; but were attacked by the Turks and renegadoes, who defeated them with terrible slaughter. Many scores of them were executed; and their heads thrown in heaps upon the city walls, without the eastern gate. Part of the citadel was blown up; and the remaining Coulolies were dismissed from the militia, to which they were not again admitted till long after.

In 1623 the Algerines and other States of Barbary threw off their dependence on the Porte altogether, and set up for themselves. What gave occasion to this was the 25 years truce which Sultan Amurath IV. was obliged to make with the Emperor Ferdinand II. to prevent his being overmatched by carrying on a war against him and the Sophi of Persia at the same time. As this put a stop to the piratical trade of the Algerines, they proceeded as above-mentioned; and resolved, that whoever desired to be at peace with them, must, distinctly, and separately, apply to their government.—No sooner was this resolution taken, than the Algerines began to make prizes of several merchant ships belonging to powers at peace with the Porte. Nay, having seized a Dutch ship and poleacre at Scanderoon, they ventured on shore; and finding the town aban-

doned by the Turkish Aga and inhabitants, they plundered all the magazines and set them on fire.—About this time Lewis XIII. undertook to build a fort on their coasts, instead of one formerly built by the Marfaillians, and which they had demolished. This, after some difficulty, he accomplished; and it was called the *Bastion of France*: but the situation being afterwards found inconvenient, the French purchased the port of La Calle, and obtained liberty to trade with the Arabians and Moors. The Ottoman court, in the mean time was so much embarrassed with the Persian war, that there was no leisure to check the Algerine piracies. This gave an opportunity to the vizir and other courtiers to compound matters with the Algerines, and to get a share of their prizes, which were very considerable. However, for form's sake, a severe reprimand, accompanied with threats, was sent them; to which they replied, that "these depredations deserved to be indulged to them, seeing they were the only bulwark against the Christian powers, especially against the Spaniards, the sworn enemies of the Moslem name;" adding, that "if they should pay a punctilio regard to all that could purchase peace, or liberty to trade with the Ottoman empire, they would have nothing to do but set fire to all their shipping, and turn camel-drivers for a livelihood."

In the year 1635, four younger brothers of a good family in France, entered into an undertaking so desperate, that perhaps the annals of knight-errantry can scarce furnish its equal.—This was no less than to retort the piracies of the Algerines upon themselves; and as they indiscriminately took the ships of all nations, so were these heroes indiscriminately to take the ships belonging to Algiers; and this with a small frigate of ten guns!—In this ridiculous undertaking, 100 volunteers embarked; a Maltese commission was procured, together with an able master, and 36 Marines.—They had the good fortune, on their first setting out, to take a ship laden with wine, on the Spanish coast: with which they were so much elated, that three days after they madly encountered two large Algerine corsairs, one of 20, and the other of 24 guns, both well

manned, and commanded by able officers. These two large vessels having got the small frigate between them, plied her furiously with grape-shot, which soon took off her main mast: notwithstanding which, the French made so desperate a resistance, that the pirates were not able to take them, till the noise of their fire brought up five more Algerines; when the French vessel, being almost torn to pieces, was boarded and taken. The young knights-errant were punished for their temerity by a dreadful captivity, from which they redeemed themselves in 1652 at the price of 6000 dollars.

The Algerines, prosecuted their piracies with impunity, to the terror and disgrace of the Europeans, till the year 1652; when a French fleet being accidentally driven to Algiers, the admiral took it into his head to demand a release of all the captives of his nation, without exception. This being refused, the Frenchman without ceremony carried off the Turkish viceroy, and his eadi or judge, who were just arrived from the Porte, with all their equipage and retinue. The Algerines, by way of reprisal, surprised the Bastion of France already mentioned, and carried off the inhabitants to the number of 600, with all their effects; which so provoked the admiral that he sent them word that he would pay them another visit the next year with his whole fleet.

The Algerines, undismayed by the threats of the French admiral, fitted out a fleet of 16 galleys and galliots, excellently manned and equipped, under the command of admiral Hali Pinchinin.—The chief design of this armament was against the treasure of Loretto; which, however, they were prevented by contrary winds from obtaining. Upon this they made a descent on Puglia in the kingdom of Naples; where they ravaged the whole territory of Necotra, carrying off a vast number of captives, and among them some nuns. From thence steering towards Dalmatia, they scoured the Adriatic; and loading themselves with immense plunder, left those coasts in the utmost consternation and resentment.

At last the Venetians, alarmed at such terrible depredations, equipped a fleet of 28 sail, under the command of admiral Cappello, with express orders to burn, sink, or take, all the Barbary corsairs he met with, either on the open seas, or even in the Grand Signior's harbours, pursuant to a late treaty of peace with the Porte. On the other hand, the captain bashaw, who had been sent out with the Turkish fleet to chase the Florentine and Maltese cruisers out of the Archipelago, understanding that the Algerine squadron was so near, sent express orders to the Admiral to come to his assistance. Pinchinin readily agreed; but having first resolved on a descent upon the island of Liffa, or Lifina, belonging to the Venetians, he was overtaken by Capello, from whom he retired to Valona, a sea port belonging to the Grand Signior, whither the Venetian admiral pursued him; but the Turkish governor refusing to eject the pirates according to the articles of the peace between the Ottoman court and Venice, Capello was obliged to content himself with watching them for some time. Pinchinin was soon weary of restraint, and ventured out; when an engagement immediately ensued, in which the Algerines were defeated, and five of their vessels disabled, with the loss of 1500 men, Turks, and Christian slaves; besides 1600 galley-slaves who regained their liberty. Pinchinin, after this defeat, returned to Valona, where he was again attacked by Capello; but the latter had not lain long at his old anchorage before he received a letter from the senate, desiring him to make no farther attempts on the pirates at that time, for fear of a rupture with the Porte. This was followed by a letter from the governor of Valona, desiring him to take care lest he incurred the Sultan's displeasure by such insults. The brave Venetian was forced to comply; but, resolving to take such a leave of the Algerines as he thought they deserved, observed how they had reared their tents, and drawn their booty and equipage along the shore. He then kept firing among their tents, while some well-manned galliots and brigantines were ordered among their shipping, who attacked them with such bravery, that, without any great loss, they towed out their 16 galleys,

with all their cannon, stores, &c.—In this last engagement, a ball from one of the Venetian galleys happened to strike a Turkish mosque, the whole action was considered as an insult upon the Grand Signior. To conceal this, Capello was ordered to sink all the ships he had taken except the admiral; which was to be conducted to Venice, and laid up as a trophy. Capello came off with a severe reprimand; but the Venetians were obliged to buy, with 500,000 ducats, a peace from the Porte. The Grand Signior offered to repair the loss of the Algerines by building ten galleys for them, upon condition that they should continue in his service till the end of the ensuing summer; but Pinchinin, who knew how little the Algerines chose to lie under obligations to him, civilly declined the offer.

In the mean time, the news of this defeat and loss filled Algiers with the utmost grief and confusion. The whole city was upon the point of a general insurrection, when the bashaw and Douwan issued out a proclamation, forbidding, not only complaints and outcries, under the severest penalties; but all persons whatever to take their thumbs from within their girdles, while they were deliberating on this important point. In the mean time, they applied to the Porte for an order that the Venetians settled in the Levant should make up their loss. But with this the Grand Signior refused to comply, and left them to repair their losses, as well as build new ships, in the best manner they could. It was not long however, before they had the satisfaction to see one of their corsairs land with a fresh supply of 600 slaves, whom he had brought from the coast of Iceland, whither he had been directed by a miscreant native taken on board a Danish ship.

Our pirates did not long continue in their weak and defenceless state; being able, at the end of two years, to appear at sea with a fleet of 65 sail. The admiral Pinchinin equipped four galliots at his own expence; with which, in conjunction with the Chaiayah, or secretary of the bashaw of Tripoli, he made a second excursion. This small squadron, consisting of five galleys and two brigantines, fell in with an English ship of 40 guns; which, however, Pinchinin's

captain refused to engage; but being afterwards reproached by him for their cowardice, they swore to attack the next Christian ship which came in their way. This happened to be a Dutch merchantman, of 28 guns and 40 men, deeply laden, and unable to use her sails by reason of a calm. Pinchinin immediately summoned her to surrender; but receiving an ironical answer, drew up his squadron in form of an half-moon, that they might pour their shot all at once into their adversary. This, however, the Dutchman avoided; by means of a breeze of wind which fortunately sprung up and enabled him to turn his ship; upon which the galleys ran foul of each other.—Upon this, Pinchinin ran his own galley along side of the merchantman, the upper deck of which 70 Algerines immediately took possession of, some of them cutting the rigging, and others plying the hatches with hand-grenadoes: but the Dutchman having secured themselves in their close quarters, began to fire at the Algerines on board, from two pieces of cannon loaded with small shot; by which they were all soon killed or forced to submit. Pinchinin, in the mean time, made several unsuccessful attempts to relieve his men, as well as to surround the Dutchman with his other galleys: but that ship lay so deep in the water, that every shot did terrible execution among the pirates; so that they were obliged to remove farther off. At last the Dutch captain, having ordered his guns to be loaded with cartridges, gave them such a parting volley as killed 200 of them, and sent the rest back to Algiers in a most dismal plight.

But though Pinchinin thus returned in disgrace, the rest of the fleet quickly came back with vast numbers of slaves, and an immense quantity of rich spoils; insomuch that the English, French, and Dutch, were obliged to cringe to the mighty Algerines, who sometimes vauchised to be at peace with them, but swore eternal war against Spain, Portugal, and Italy, whom they looked upon as the greatest enemies to the Mahometan name. At last Lewis XIV. provoked by the grievous outrages committed on the coasts of Provence and Languedoc, ordered, in 1681, a confi-

derable fleet to be fitted out against them, under the Marquis du Quesne, vice admiral of France. His first expedition was against a number of Tripolitan corsairs; who had the good fortune to outrun him, and shelter themselves in the island of Scio belonging to the Turks. This did not, however, prevent him from pursuing them thither, and making such terrible fire upon them as quickly destroyed 14 of their vessels, besides battering the walls of the castle.

This severity seemed only to be designed as a check to the piracies of the Algerines; but, finding they still continued their outrages on the French coasts, he sailed to Algiers in August 1682, cannonading and bombarding it so furiously, that the whole town was in flames in a very little time. The great mosque was battered down, and most of the houses laid in ruins, insomuch that the inhabitants were on the point of abandoning the place; when on a sudden the wind turned about, and obliged du Quesne to return to Toulon. The Algerines immediately made reprisals, by sending a number of galleys and gallions to the coasts of Provence, where they committed the most dreadful ravages, and brought away a vast number of captives: upon which a new armament was ordered to be got ready at Toulon and Marseilles against the next year; and the Algerines, having received timely notice, put themselves into as good a state of defence as the time would allow.

In May 1683, du Quesne with his squadron cast anchor before Algiers; where, being joined by the Marquis D'Affnanville, at the head of five stout vessels, it was resolved to bombard the town next day. Accordingly, 100 bombs were thrown into it the next day, which did terrible execution; while the besieged made some hundred discharges of their cannon against them, without doing any considerable damage. The following night the bombs were again thrown into the city in such numbers, that the dey's palace and other great edifices were almost destroyed; some of their batteries were dismounted, and several vessels sunk in the port. The dey and Turkish bashaw, as well as the whole soldiery, alarmed at this dreadful havock,

immediately sued for peace. As a preliminary, the immediate surrender was insisted on, of all Christian captives who had been taken fighting under the French flag; which being granted, 142 of them were immediately delivered up, with a promise of sending him the remainder as soon as they could be got from the different parts of the country. Accordingly, du Quesne sent his commissary-general and one of his engineers into the town; but with express orders to insist upon the delivery of all the French captives without exception, together with the effects they had taken from the French; and that Mezomorts their then admiral, and Hali Rais one of their captains should be given as hostages.

This last demand having embarrassed the dey, he assembled the Douwan, and acquainted them with it: upon which Mezomorts fell into a violent passion, and told the assembly, that the cowardice of those who sat at the helm had occasioned the ruin of Algiers; but that, for his part, he would never consent to deliver up any thing that had been taken from the French. He immediately acquainted the soldiery with what had passed; which so exasperated them, that they murdered the dey that very night, and on the morrow chose Mezomorts in his place. This was no sooner done, than he cancelled all the articles of peace which had been made, and hostilities were renewed with greater fury than ever.

The French admiral now kept pouring in such volleys of bombs that, in less than three days, the greatest part of the city was reduced to ashes, and the fire burnt with such vehemence, that the sea was enlightened with it for more than two leagues round. Mezomorts, unmoved at all these disasters, and the vast numbers of the slain, whose blood ran in rivulets along the streets; or rather, grown furious and desperate, fought only how to wreak his revenge on the enemy; and, not content with causing all the French in the city to be cruelly murdered, ordered their consul to be tied hand and foot, and fastened alive to the mouth of a mortar, from whence he was shot away against their navy. By this piece of inhumanity du Quesne was so exasperated, that he did not leave Algiers till he had utterly destroyed all their for-

ifications, shipping, almost all the lower part, and above two thirds of the upper part, of the city; by which means it became little else than a heap of ruins.

The haughty Algerines were now thoroughly convinced that they were not invincible; and, therefore, immediately sent an embassy into France, begging, in the most abject terms for peace; which Lewis immediately granted, to their inexpressible joy. They now began to pay some regard to other nations, and to be a little cautious how they wantonly incurred their displeasure. The first bombardment by the French had so far humbled the Algerines, that they condescended to enter into a treaty with England; which was renewed, upon terms very advantageous to the latter, in 1686. It is not to be supposed, however, that the natural perfidy of the Algerines would disappear on a sudden: notwithstanding this treaty, therefore, they lost no opportunity of making prizes of the English ships when they could conveniently come at them. Upon some infringement of this kind, captain Beach drove ashore and burnt seven of their frigates in 1695; which produced a renewal of the treaty five years after: but it was not till the taking of Gibraltar and Port Mahan, that Britain could have a sufficient check upon them to enforce the observation of treaties; and these have since proved such restraints upon Algiers, that they still continue to pay a greater deference to the English than to any European power.

The present century furnishes no very remarkable events with regard to Algiers; except the taking of the famed city of Oran from the Spaniards in 1708 (which however they regained in 1737), and the expulsion of the Turkish bashaw, and uniting his office to that of dey in 1710. This introduced the form of government which still continues in Algiers.

The dey is now absolute monarch; and pays no other revenue to the Porte, than that of a certain number of fine boys or youths, and some other presents which are sent thither yearly. His own income, probably, rises and falls according to the opportunities he hath of fleecing both natives and foreigners; whence it is variously computed by

different authors. Dr. Shaw computes the taxes of the whole kingdom to bring into the treasury no more than 300,000 dollars; but supposes that the eighth part of the prizes, the effects of those persons who die without children, joined to the yearly contributions raised by the government, presents from foreigners, fines and oppressions, may bring in about as much more. Both the dey, and officers under him, enrich themselves by the same laudable methods of rapine and fraud; which it is no wonder to find the common people practising upon one another, and especially upon strangers, seeing they themselves are impoverished by heavy taxes and the injustice of those who are in authority.

[To be continued.]



BIOGRAPHIANA;

Or, ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOS PERSONS.

[From the LITERARY and BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.]



DR. PRIESTLEY.

THE ancestors of Dr. Priestley, both on the father's and mother's side, were remarkable for their attachment to the principles of religion. His grandfather was one of the most eminent white cloth maker's in Yorkshire, and had a family of children and servants consisting of upwards of sixty persons, who were as much distinguished by their regularity of behaviour as by their number. He resided in a small village called Clifton, and held a large farm under Sir John Armitage. As Sir John was of the high party, when the trial of Dr. Sacheverel was on the carpet, he ordered all his tenants who entertained sentiments different

from his own, to quit their farms. Among these was the Doctor's grandfather, who procured one at the distance of six miles, where he became a member of a dissenting congregation in the neighbourhood. He was a man much esteemed by his servants and dependants, and died at the great age of eighty-six, leaving six sons and four daughters.

Jonas Priestley, the Doctor's father, married Mary Swift, the only daughter of Joseph Swift, a farmer and maltster, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. Joseph, the subject of these short memoirs, was born March the 13th, 1733, old style, and when very young, was adopted by his uncle, Mr. John Heighley, who at an early period of life, had conceived a very strong aversion to the dissenters.

Dr. Priestley received the first part of his education from the Rev. Mr. Kirby, the minister of the dissenter's congregation, to which his father belonged. He was then for some time under the care of Mr. Hague, a curate, who kept a school at a little distance, with whom he acquired such a knowledge of the languages, as enabled him to enter upon a course of philosophy at the age of sixteen. The Doctor it appears was educated in the principles of Calvin, which were those of his sect. These principles, however, he afterwards rejected, and his reasons for doing so, may be seen in his Letters to Dr. Horsley, in answer to his Animadversions on the Corruptions of Christianity.—“Having been educated,” says he, “in the strictest principles of Calvinism, and having from my early years had a serious turn of mind, promoted, no doubt, by a weak and sickly constitution, I was very sincere and zealous in my belief of the doctrine of the Trinity; and this continued till I was about nineteen; and then I was as much shocked on hearing of any who denied the divinity of Christ (thinking it to be nothing less than impiety and blasphemy) as any of my opponents can be now; I therefore truly feel for them, and most sincerely excuse them.

“About the age of twenty, being then in a regular course of theological studies, I saw reason to change my opinion, and became an Arian; and notwithstanding what appeared

to me a fair and impartial study of the Scriptures, and though I had no bias on my mind arising from subscribed creeds and confessions of faith, &c. I continued in that persuasion fifteen or sixteen years; and yet in that time I was well acquainted with Dr. Lardner, Dr. Fleming, and several other zealous Socinians, especially my friend Mr. Graham. The first theological tract of mine (which was on the doctrine of Atonement) was published at the particular request, and under the direction of Dr. Lardner; and he approved of the scheme which I had then formed, of giving a short view (which was all that I had then thought of) of the progress of the corruptions of Christianity, he gave me a few hints with respect to it. But still I continued till after his death indisposed to the Socinian hypothesis. After this, continuing my study of the Scriptures, with the help of his Letters on the Logos, I at length changed my opinion, and became what is called a Socinian; and in this I see continually more reason to acquiesce, though it was a long time before the arguments in favour of it did more than barely preponderate in my mind. For the arguments which had the principal weight with me at that time, and particularly those texts of Scripture which so long retarded my change of opinion, I refer my readers to the Theological Repository.*

" I was greatly confirmed in this doctrine after I was fully satisfied that man is of an uniform composition, and wholly mortal; and that the doctrine of a separate immortal soul, capable of sensation and action when the body is in the grave, is a notion borrowed from heathen philosophy, and unknown to the Scriptures. Of this I had for a long time a mere suspicion; but having casually mentioned it as such, and a violent outcry being raised against me on that account, I was induced to give the greatest attention to the question, to examine it in every light, and to invite the fullest discussion of it. This terminated in as full a conviction with respect to this subject as I have with respect to any other whatever. The reasons on which

that conviction is founded may be seen in my ' Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit,' of which I have lately published a new and improved edition."

After being some time with Mr. Hague, Dr. Priestley was removed to finish his studies with Mr. Ashworth near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, with whom he resided some time, and then entered into orders.

The first place which the Doctor fixed on for settling in life was Needham, in Suffolk, but the people there, being in general of different sentiments from his, he removed to Namptwich, in Cheshire, where he established a school, which was soon in a very flourishing condition.

When an attempt was made to form a dissenting Academy, at Warrington. Dr. Priestley was considered as a person proper for teaching the languages, and Belles Lettres in that seminary. He was accordingly appointed to read Lectures on these subjects to the students, and while in that situation he applied himself with great diligence to the duties of his office.

From Warrington, Dr. Priestley returned to Yorkshire, and assumed the ministerial office, at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, which he resigned in May, 1773. Some of his principal philosophical works had been printed before this period; his name was become celebrated in Europe, and his acquaintance was courted by those who wished to be thought protectors of the Sciences. The present Marquis of Lansdown, then Lord Shelburne, about that time engaged the Doctor to reside with him in his family, where he continued several years employed in chemical and philosophical pursuits. A coolness, however, from what cause we know not, took place between the Doctor and his noble patron. He once more therefore resumed his clerical functions, and on the 31st of December, 1781, became co-pastor with Mr. Blithe of the new Meeting at Birmingham. The late terrible riots which drove the Doctor from that place, are still fresh in the memory of every one. From whatever cause they might have originated, they were certainly a disgrace to the country. On that occasion he narrowly escaped with his life, and he lost

his library and manuscripts, which must have been of the utmost value. The Doctor has now fixed his residence near Hackney, where he preaches in the meeting of his late friend Dr. Price, and he will perhaps continue there during the remaining period of his life.

While Dr. Priestley lived at Warrington, he married the daughter of Mr. Wilkinson of Bristol, an eminent iron-founder, by whom he has four sons and one daughter.

To give a catalogue of all Dr. Priestley's works would be tedious. By a printed list we have seen of them, they amount to about sixty different treatises, comprehending in sermons and pamphlets, of which the following are the principal.

The History and present State of Electricity, with original Experiments, 4to. A Familiar Introduction to the Study of Electricity, 8vo. The History and Present State of Discoveries relating to Vision, Light, and Colours, 2 vols 4to. Experiments, and Observations on different Kinds of Air and other Branches of Natural Philosophy, connected with the Subject, 3 vols. A Familiar Introduction to the Theory and Practice of Perspective. A New Chart of History, containing a View of the principal Revolutions of Empire that have taken Place in the World; with a Book describing it, containing an Epitome of Universal History. A Chart of Biography, with a Book containing an explanation of it, and a catalogue of all the names inserted in it. The Rudiments of English Grammar, adapted to the use of Schools. Lectures on History and General Policy; to which is prefixed, an Essay on a Course of Liberal Education, for Civil and Active Life, 4to. Observations relating to Education; more especially as it respects the mind; to which is added, an Essay on a Course of Liberal Education for Civil and Active Life. A Course of Lectures on Oratory and Criticism, 4to. An Essay on the first Principles of Government. An Examination of Dr. Reid's Enquiry into the Human Mind, on the Principles of Common Sense. Dr. Beattie's Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, and Dr. Oswald's Appeal to Common Sense, in behalf of Religion. Disquisitions relating to Mat-

Matter and Spirit, To which is added, the History of the Philosophical Doctrine concerning the Origin of the Soul, and the Nature of Matter; with its Influence on Christianity, especially with respect to the Doctrine of the Pre-existence of Christ. Also the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity illustrated, 2d Edition, enlarged and improved: with Remarks on those who have controvered the Principles of them, 2 vols. A Free Discussion of the Doctrines of Materialism and Philosophical Necessity, in a Correspondence between Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley; to which are added, by Dr. Priestley, an Introduction, explaining the Nature of the Controversy, and Letters to several Writers who have animadverted on his Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit, or his Treatise on Necessity, 8vo. Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever, containing an Examination of the principal Objections to the Doctrines of Natural Religion, and especially those contained in the writings of Mr. Hume. Also a State of the Evidence of Revealed Religion, with Animadversions on the two last Chapters of the first Volume of Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; and an Answer to the Letters of Mr. William Hammond, 2 vols. 8vo. A Harmony of the Evangelists, in Greek. To which are prefixed, Critical Dissertations in English, 4to. A Harmony of the Evangelists, in English, with Notes, and an occasional Paraphrase for the Use of the Unlearned. To which are prefixed, Critical Dissertations, and a Letter to the Bishop of Ossory, 4to. Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion, in 2 vols. 8vo. An History of the Corruptions of Christianity, with a general Conclusion, in two Parts. Part I. containing Considerations addressed to Unbelievers, and especially to Mr. Gibbon. Part II. containing Considerations addressed to the Advocates for the present Establishment, and especially to Bishop Hurd, 2 vols. 8vo. An History of Early Opinions concerning Jesus Christ, compiled from Original Writers; proving that the Christian Church was at first Unitarian, 4 vols. 8vo. A General History of the Christian Church, to the Fall of the Western Empire, in 2 vols. 8vo. Discourses on Various Subjects, viz. On

resigning the Pastoral Office at Leeds. On undertaking the Pastoral Office at Birmingham. The proper Constitution of a Christian Church, with a Preface on the present State of those who are called rational Dissenters. The importance and Extent of Free Enquiry. The Doctrine of Divine Influence on the Human Mind. Habitual Devotion. The Duty of not living to ourselves. The Danger of bad Habits. The Duty of not being ashamed of the Gospel. Glorying in the Cross of Christ. Taking the Cross and following Christ. The Evidence of Christianity from the Persecutions of Christians, 8vo.

Duke de Montmorency.

BY birth the first Christian Baron in Europe, and one of the most illustrious noblemen that any country has ever produced. He was a great general, a great admiral, and as distinguished for his munificence as for his courage. After having gained immense pillage, by defeating the Hugenot fleet at the island of Rhe, he gave it up to his soldiers, in spite of the representation of some of his officers, to whom he replied, "I am not come here to gain money, but to acquire glory. I wish I was emperor, that I might be able to do more," was his answer, when some one told him how liberal he was. He once gave a labourer a purse of guineas, whom he met by accident on the road, merely to have (as he expressed it) the pleasure to make one person happy in his life. M. de Montmorency was concerned in that unfortunate action of Castlenedauri, in Languedoc, where Gaston, Duke of Orleans, took up arms against his sovereign and his brother, Lewis XIII. Upon seeing the Duke appear dismayed, and out of spirits before the battle, he said to him, "Come, Sir, this is the day in which you shall be victorious over your enemies." But, added he, drawing his sword, "Il faut la rouvrir jusqu'à la garde." "This must be dyed up to the hilt." Finding, however, that this made no impression upon the Duke, he rushed

like a desperate person into the midst of the enemy's troops; and after having performed prodigies of valour, was obliged to join in the general flight of his troops that soon took place. He was found at some distance from the field of battle, much bruised and wounded, and with his horse fallen upon him; and was conducted prisoner to Shenbrune by M. Guetant, an officer in the king's service, who was a friend of his. Guetant was obliged very reluctantly to give evidence against this illustrious commander; and when he was asked whether he had seen the Duke in the engagement against the troops of his sovereign, and how he came positively to know him, and to be able to swear to him in the midst of the fire and smoke that took place in the engagement, he replied with tears in his eyes, "The fire and smoke with which he was covered, prevented me at first from distinguishing him; but when I saw a man who, after having broke six of our ranks, was killing men even in the seventh, I concluded it could be no other than M. de Montmorency. I did not know him for certain till I saw him on the ground under his dead horse." When the judges rose to deliver their opinions one after the other, respecting the sentence, (that of death) which they were obliged to deliver against him, for having been in arms against his sovereign, they burst into tears; and many of them were scarcely able to deliver it but by an inclination of the head.

GASSENDI,

APPEARS to have been one of the most tranquil and quiet philosophers the world has ever seen. The *præcis* of his moral philosophy, according to his biographer, was—

1. To know God, and to fear him.
2. Not to fear death, and submit ourselves to it.
3. Neither to hope too much or to despair.

4. Not to defer to the future what may be enjoyed at present.
5. To desire only what is necessary.
6. To moderate one's passions by the study of wisdom.

DR. CULLEN.

THIS great theoretical physician was, with the late Dr. Hunter, apprentice to a surgeon at Hamilton. Genius, however, disdains to be controuled by shackles. The doctor burst his, and commenced physician; in which situation he had that singular versatility of mind as to be able to give lectures in chymistry, physiology, the *materia medica*, the practice of physic, and, perhaps, anatomy. The doctor had a most arranged mathematical head, and was singularly happy in classification. By a very odd mistake he *mis*-translated the title of his celebrated work of *Prima Lineæ*; he called it *First Lines*, instead of *Outlines*. The title he had taken from the great Haller. The doctor's idea of sleep seems in general confirmed by experience. His opinion respecting that *non-natural* (which most persons would be inclined to think one of the most natural things appertaining to the human constitution) was, that *every* one should rise after his first sleep, and that the next night would settle the balance for him. Many delicate persons do not take a second sleep with impunity—head-ache and weariness are in general the attendants of it to them.



SCRAPIANA.

WHO would expect to find in the sermons of one of our divines the following passage, on the danger of early quarrels between man and wife? "Man and wife, says Jeremy Taylor, are equally concerned to avoid all offences to each

other, at the beginning of their conversation. Every thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardnesses of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun, and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken. So is the early union of an unforced marriage, watchful and observant, jealous and bly, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word."

Colinella draws no bad picture of modern life when he says, " Marcus Varro in his time used to complain, that all who were masters of families having abandoned the pruninghook and the plough, had crept within the walls of their cities, and chose rather to move their hands in the circus and at the theatres, than in the fields and vineyards." Colinella says with great indignation, " We admire the gestures of effeminate wretches, because by their womanlike motions they imitate a sex, which nature has denied to men, and deceive the eyes of the spectators. By baths," adds he, " we endeavour to procure an appetite for eating and drinking, and spend the nights in sensual pleasures, and the days in gaming or in sleeping, and think ourselves happy if we neither see the rising nor the setting of the sun; therefore," adds he, in very strong language, " the consequence of this idle and slothful way of life is bad health; for thus the bodies of our young men are so unbraced, enfeebled and relaxed, that death itself will not seem to make any alteration in them."

When some one was talking on infidelity before ——, who was old and sick, he said, " Why will you endeavour to take away the pillow from an old and an aching head?"

When one of the Cecil family, in conversation with Mary, Queen of Scots, was talking of the wisdom of his

mistress, Queen Elizabeth, she said, "Alas! there is no such thing as a wise woman; the wisest of us all is only a little less foolish than her neighbours."

Louis XIth of France said nearly the same thing, when one of his courtiers told him he would make a present of a very fine falcon he had, to the Dame de Beargin, the wisest woman in France; "Dame sage ne fut jamais," replied Louis, laughing.



MISCELLANY.



OF THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS AT ATHENS.

BY MR. DE PAUW.

[Continued from page 92.]

III. *School for Painting in Greece, and the Art of Engraving invented by Varro.*

IT is certain that the most ancient school for painting, of which any positive traces can be found among the Greeks, was established in the Isle of Rhodes, at the time of Anacreon. By reading attentively two odes of that poet, any person must be convinced, that the Rhodians employed melted wax only for mixing their colours. This indeed was a procedure both complicated and difficult; but such has been in general the progress of human knowledge, in developing the greater part of the arts, as well as of the sciences.

The manner of employing the wax was properly a kind of encaustic, which with all their efforts, the moderns have not been able to revive. Count Caylus has confounded the very instruments employed by the Greeks for this purpose: the principal of all was a burning iron, called in their lan-

guage *Cauterion*; but they sometimes had recourse to the more active heat of burning gall-nuts to force the wax into the ground of the picture; and it was afterwards polished like a mirror.

This method had two very great disadvantages; the colours were never sufficiently blended in the half tints, and the picture, when finished, could only be viewed in one position, because in all others the light was reflected so strongly, that the subject became confused. These inconveniences were compensated by a merit to which no other paintings of those days could pretend; for the encaustic insured a kind of eternity to the piece, and made it sustain in an astonishing manner, the attacks of time, during the lapse of many centuries.

Polygnotus, who, in all probability, was educated in the Rhodian school, practised, it is well known, the method of encaustics; and the consistency he communicated to his colours, in the battle of Marathon, enabled them to resist the action of the air for nine hundred years, without receiving any material injury, although exposed in an open portico. In the time of Synefius, this painting tempted the avarice of a Roman pro-consul, who removed it from Athens. Constantinople may be supposed to have been the tomb of this, as well as of many other masterpieces, taken out of Greece to decorate a town, where taste never reigned, either when it was the capital of the Christians, or of the Turks.

Cimon, son of Miltiades, had formed the project of embellishing the interior of Athens, but was prevented by his exile or ostracism. Pericles pursued the same plan, and it was under the patronage of this demagogue that the famous academy for painting, since called the school of Athens, was founded. The characters are not known at this day, which constituted the difference between this and the school of Sicyon the most dangerous of its rivals, and the place indeed where a competition could be dreaded. But it appears that the professors at Sicyon were very rigorous in all that related to design; and when they had pro-

duced such a scholar as Apelles, they did not any longer fear the jealousy of the Athenians.

We must suppose, that the ancient critics knew how to distinguish the productions of the different academies, either by the tone of their colouring, or the taste of the design. What is generally called the Greek contour, or that line nearly perpendicular, extending from the top of the forehead to the point of the nose in several ancient statues, is not a real character, as some have believed; neither has it been copied after a number of living models. In no country of the universe was nature ever subjected to such geometrical proportions; and therefore the style of this design must have been adopted in some schools, for no other apparent reason than to make the forehead very low, because the women of Athens had decided this to be indispensable in beauty. Thus, says Lucian, they let their hair descend in ringlets to the very top of their eye-brows; so that a small part of the front only is visible in a triangular form.

This supposed decision of the Athenian women, who claimed at the same time an empire over fashion and taste, should have obtained no authority with masters of design. It was no less contrary to nature, than those deformed waists produced by the constant pressure of stays; and they fortunately have never been introduced among either statues or paintings. Such figures, compared by Terence, after Menander, to flender reeds, would spoil any composition; and Linnaeus considers them as monstrous varieties of the human race: but in this custom we find nothing more than the same spirit of caprice, which actuates savage nations to render their heads round, flat, or pointed.

It has been pretended that the Greek islands have produced more great painters, than the two continents of Europe and Asia. To prove this assertion, such famous names are cited as Polygnotus of the Isle of Thasus, Timanthes of Samos, Zeuxis of Sicily, Protogenes of Rhodes, and Apelles of the island of Cos. But all this may have been the effect of what is called chance, without depending on physical causes, or admitting any just inference.

gences relative to the genius of islanders. Besides, this catalogue of the most celebrated painters of antiquity contains at least one geographical error: for, although Protogenes inhabited a garden in the environs of Rhodes, he was not less a native of Cænus, on the continent of Asia, and some traces of that town still exist, under the name of Kaigues in Caria.

Greece, properly called, was a country of very small extent; but including all the Greek towns of Asia, Africa, and Europe, from Marseilles to the extremity of the Euxine sea, and from Cyrene to the frontiers of Thrace, the scene extends to one half of what was known to the ancients on our globe. It is not surprising that so many free states, when the arts were so generally cultivated, should have produced such numbers of statuaries and painters, especially as the study of drawing formed an essential part of their education. The same thing would take place at this day, if republics were as numerous in the world, provided likewise that their artists had as much occupation as those of the Greeks.

The nature of our furniture, and the taste now predominant in decorations, have been fatal to painting; and never were artists of that class less encouraged than at present. The cause of their inactivity has not unjustly been imputed to the art of engraving, supposed to have originated with the Greeks. But none of that nation had any right to this invention; it appertained alone to Varro; and Pliny expresses himself very unequivocally, when he calls it *Inventum Varronis*. Engraved plates were first employed by him to stamp the profiles, and principal features of portraits; and afterwards the pencil was necessary to add the shades and suitable colours.

It was a woman born in Cyzicium, but then established in Italy, who possessed the happy talent of colouring such prints with uncommon taste, as well as truth. Seven hundred likenesses of illustrious men, copied in this manner from ancient busts and statues, were inserted in a Greek work, entitled by Varro *Hebdomades*, or the Images.

The necessity of copying so often the same figures, inspired the idea of facilitating the operation, and give rise

to this art, until then, unknown. Below each portrait some Greek or Latin verses were inserted on the same plate, and to this may be traced the origin of painting with immovable characters.

So important a discovery, says Pliny, was received with general applause by the learned of every denomination. It was not only easy, by this method, to multiply objects for the gratification of an idle curiosity, but likewise those figures absolutely necessary to render books of science intelligible, such as plans of architecture, and geographical maps. Agathodemon, of Alexandria, generally called a mechanician, was really an engraver who executed after the manner of Varro, those charts scattered in all the copies of the geography of Ptolemy. Thus, all these details demonstrate more and more, and the ancients had many inventions, which the moderns are accustomed to deny, either from ignorance or envy.

IV. *Apographmus, or Productions either copied or supposed.*

Many original productions of genius and art could be reckoned among the statues covering the surface of Greece; but the greater part were only imaginations more or less servile.

The Mercury, placed at the entrance of the Ceramicus of Athens, had served to cast so many copies, that it became quite shining, from having been so often daubed with oil in order to facilitate the impression of the moulds.

No obstacles were ever thrown in the way of such operations by those magistrates, called Agoranomes, who had the inspection of the markets and public places. They were not considered as at all injurious to the police; and the commerce of Athens gained considerably by the number of ships, which, according to Philostratus, went loaded with statues from Pineus. Mercuries, executed in this manner, were sold to weak connoisseurs for originals, particularly when the name of some celebrated master, such as Lysippus, was fraudulently inscribed on the leg or thigh in silver letters.

Polycletus sometimes took copies of his own statues, as appears by the exact similitude of the features, and attitudes of figures taken from the same model; and this was still more observable when they were without drapery.

The most famous apographum of our day is the Venus of Medicis. The attitude of this statue, like the works of Polycletus, proves it to be a copy of the Venus of Gnidos; and the inscription it bears, is regarded by Mr. Marietti as another forgery. Nothing was more common in ancient times than to make statues with false characters; and the cunning of the Greeks, in such matters, surpassed imagination. Presumptuous and vain men, who, without knowledge, wished to pass for connoisseurs, were easily caught in snares so artfully contrived; and such was the case of the Romans in general, if we except Varro, who really possessed very extensive notions both in the theory and practice of the fine arts.

With great exactness of proportion, the Venus of Medicis is not graceful, and the attitude somewhat confined infinuates, that, even as a copy, it cannot be considered as the work of a superior artist. Cleomenes, to whom it is ascribed, was an obscure man, whose name has never been cited by any ancient author.

Copies, accurately taken in marble, required an experienced chisel; but to counterfeit the Mercury of the Ceramicus, in brads, it was sufficient to understand the art of moulding, without being versed in any of the elements, either of drawing, or of sculpture.

Great knowledge of literature and criticism, as well as of the arts, was necessary to prevent those, who purchased paintings, books, and statues at Athens, from being deceived by the fraudulent imposition of famous names.

In the market, called the Libraries, many compilations were found, decorated with such imposing and magnificent titles, that people could not refrain from perusing them. But after having passed the gilded portico, says Pliny, the whole interior of the building appeared not less bare and frightful than the deserts of Arabia. The courtesans of Corinth were not the only people who retailed repentance

at a high price ; for the customers of the booksellers of Athens seldom failed to regret having read their books, and still more having purchased them. Literary speculations became so very licentious, that spurious works were attributed to celebrated authors, even during their lifetime ; and Galen mentions whole treatises having been published in his name, of which he had not composed a particle. When such men as physicians interested themselves in this commerce, we may suppose, that the theologists were not idle ; and in fact we have still extant an entire catalogue of apocryphal books, published by them in the name of the divinity.

Two famous Apographimus exceeded all others ever produced by the painters of Athens : the one was an imitation of the Centaurs of Zeuxis, which Lucian has described very minutely ; and the other a copy of the charming Glycera of Paufias, which deserved to be placed among the finest paintings of Greece. This picture consisted of no more than the figure of a woman, employed in making crowns, or festoons of flowers. Yet the piece seemed to border on enchantment ; for Paufias possessed the art of creating illusion almost in as high a degree as Apelles. Besides what were properly called Apographimus, Greece contained many copies of the same subject, executed by the hands of the original artists, without any apparent variation. The taking of Troy, painted by Polygnotus at Delphi, bore great resemblance to that in the Pœcile of Athens ; and it was very easy to discover not only a tone of imitation, but likewise a perfect uniformity of ideas.

It is generally believed, that the Thebans had a law to punish painters, who made little progress in their art. But without laying any stress on this circumstance, hazarded by Ælian, and very improbable in all appearance, no laws existed at Athens to prevent artists from copying each other, and selling Apographums for originals. Solon thought proper to abandon this part of the fine arts to itself, unencumbered by any chains of legislation ; but the same indulgence did not extend to those people, called Dactylioglyphes, or engravers on metals and precious stones. It was severely

prohibited to make any such counterfeits; neither could the impression of seals be kept in the shops where they had been engraved, because many frauds might have resulted from imitating the private signets of citizens.

Travellers, who frequented Greece without having thoroughly studied the arts, were entirely at the discretion of those public conductors, called mystagogues. It was they who undertook to instruct strangers in every thing; but their method was less adapted to produce light, than to establish the dominion of darkness. They began their descriptive farce by reading, in a loud voice, the inscription of a monument, and then proceeded with a prolix explanation, abandoning themselves, as the Greeks generally did, to such a torrent of words, that Plutarch owns how impossible it was for him to bridle the loquacity of the mystagogues of Delphi. These men should be regarded as the real inventors of all those ridiculous prodigies concerning statues and paintings, which deceived animals, by rendering them sensible to the charms of art, in opposition to their instinct.—In no country of the world was impudence in lying carried to greater excess than among the Greeks; and to keep the minds of strangers in constant ecstasy, they attributed even the most trifling productions to the greatest masters. So many statues were pointed out with the pretended names of Phidias, Polycletus, and Praxiteles, that these sculptors could not have executed them all in two hundred years.

[To be continued.]

A SEM AND SAL NED.

AN EASTERN TALE.

[Concluded from page 115.]

SALNED, who had assumed the name of *Zunimam*, was delighted at the sudden happiness of *Gayaldi* her companion in misfortune, and though she was encouraged by no

favourable appearances, she considered it as a presage of her own. She continued to serve *Zenador* with diligence and fidelity, but her mind was notwithstanding still busied in contemplating the singularity of her fate. The stratagems however that had been made use of to injure her became soon after generally known through all *Bafra*, and coming at length to the ears of *Zunimam*, she traced it back to her aunt, and discovered that the very person who had married and divorced her, was the gallant of *Mandrice*, to whom she had been betrayed. Upon this discovery, she went immediately to the cadi, who admitted her to a private audience, and hearing her story, promised that she should have justice, and directed her to come again the next day.

On the morrow he concealed *Salned* before the other parties, whom he had ordered to be brought before him, arrived; and as soon as they came, he interrogated *Mandrice* concerning the story of which she had been the author-ess; *Mandrice* at first denied that she had told it, but being confronted with her companions, she at length confessed it; but alledged that the injury which she had done her niece was not great, because she was now the wife of the man to whom she had been betrayed. Ah! my lord, said the merchant, throwing himself at the feet of the cadi, let not this wretch escape the punishment which she has deserved: I divorced my wife, who now appears to have been innocent; her father has driven her from him, as having forfeited his protection; and she is now either wandering about a wretched fugitive, pursued by infamy, and haunted by distress, or she has laid down her life, and her sufferings together. The father of *Salned* also demanded justice against his perfidious sister, and every one was impatient for the cadi's sentence when *Zunimam* appeared. My lord, said she, let it suffice that *Salned* is now happy, and let my aunt be forgiven at my request; if her heart still conceals malice against me, she will be sufficiently punished in my felicity. The husband and father of *Salned* were transported with joy, and embraced her a thousand times in the cadi's presence, who directed that she should

be conducted to her husband's dwelling, which became the seat of uninterrupted tranquility and delight. *Salued* and *Garaldi* did not forget the santon, nor doubt but that the happy issue of their misfortunes was the effect of his prayers. They therefore sent him many valuable presents, of which, however, he would not accept; saying that his felicity was complete in the knowledge of theirs, and in the opportunity which it offered him of returning thanks to heaven for having justified the innocent.

MYTHOLOGY.

THE TERRESTRIAL DEITIES.

1. JANUS.

Why is't that, tho' I other Gods adore,
I first must Janus' Deity implore?
Because I hold the door, by which access
Is had to any God you would address.

JANUS, in his mythological character, is God of Space and Time; and in the Salian verses he is styled the God of Gods. Some derive his origin from *Cœlus* and *Hecate*. He presided over the gates of heaven, and when supplications were made to any deity, Janus was first invoked, because it is he who was to give access to the prayers, even to great Jupiter. This divinity is known by his double form; sometimes he is represented with even four bodies and as many faces. A Roman legend makes him presiding over peace and war.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate
With bolts and iron bars. Within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd of useleſs arms
He sits, and threatens the world with vain alarms.

2. SATURNUS.

With his wild empire peace and plenty came ;
And hence the GOLDEN TIMES deriv'd their name.

SATURN, or Time, was the son of Cœlum and Terra, His brothers were the Cyclops, Oceanus, Titan, the Giants, &c. His sisters were called Ceres, Tethys, and Ops, or Rhea, which in process of time he married. Saturn being dethroned by his son Jupiter, retired into Italy, where he reigned conjointly with king Janus, whose subjects he civilized, and brought on the Golden Age, so celebrated by the poets.

Saturn is represented presiding over Time, with wings on his shoulders and shackles on his feet. As a planet the poets describe him as very old and decrepid, with fetters on his feet, and a pruning-hook in his hand.

In the Saturnalia, or festivals of this divinity, none but men were permitted to sacrifice ; because it was supposed that he only delighted in human blood. And although he is commonly accounted a terrestrial deity, yet the Romans esteemed him as belonging to the lower world.

ÆOLUS.

— A spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant ÆOLUS, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prison binds.

ÆOLUS, son of Jupiter by Segesta, daughter of Hippota, and God of the winds ; the ancients describe him of an angry disposition, rough and furious look, setting in a vast cave, with his subjects fettered or chained down about him ; these he was supposed to let out for a storm, when it ceased, they were again shut up in their respective places.

Æolus was a skilful astronomer, and an excellent philosopher, skilled in the nature of winds ;—hence he was thought to raise or still them at his pleasure.

M O M U S.

Momus was feigned to be the son of Somanus and Nox, and God of Raillery. He is the observer of the words and actions of other divinities, and censures, mocks, or derides them with the greatest liberty.

C Y B E L E.

—Cybele, the mother of the Gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idean woods:
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.

This Goddess, daughter of Bœlum, by the elder Vesta, and wife of Saturn, is also called Domina, Alma Mater Deum, Mater Sancta Deum Genetrix, Ops, Rhea, Dyndymena, Bona Dea, Idæa and Pessinuntia. She is represented on a medal with a crown of turrets on her head, with a lion on each side of her chair, and a pine branch in her hand. The poets and artists give her sometimes a chariot drawn by lions; and Ovid in particular describes her as descending from the heavens to the earth in his second book of Metamorphoses. Cybele was regarded by the ancient Romans as a goddess of the highest dignity and worship.

Her sacrifices were celebrated with a confused noise of timbrels, pipes, and cymbals; the priests were called Galli, Curetes, Corybantes, &c. who sacrificed her sitting, touching the earth, and offering up the hearts of their victims.

T H E M U S E S.

THE Nine Muses, Goddesses of the Arts and Sciences, were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were originally but three, some say but two; be that as it may, the Augustan age of poets speak of Clio, Thalia, Terpsichore, Euterpe, Erato, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Urania, and Melpomene.

1. C L I O.

CLIO was the mistress of history, and the patroness of heroic poets. She is represented by the figure of a young woman, crowned with laurel, holding a trumpet in one hand and a book in the other.

2. T H A L I A.

THALIA was the Muse of comedy and pastorals, and is distinguished by her comic mask and pastoral crook.

3. T E R P S I C H O R E.

TERPSICHORE was the Muse of dancing. Aufonis gives her the Cithara. She is generally represented under the figure of a virgin, crowned with garlands, holding a harp in one hand, and instruments of music round her.

4. E U T E R P E.

EUTERPE presided over the music played on two pipes; hence some call her Tibicina. She was also the inventress of logic. She is crowned with flowers, holding musical papers in her hand, with musical instruments round her.

5. E R A T O.

THIS Muse presided over the amorous kinds of poetry. She is crowned with myrtle and roses, holding a lyre and fiddle-stick; and on her side a winged Cupid, with his bow and quiver.

6. C A L L I O P E.

THIS Muse is reckoned the most excellent of the nine, and presides over rhetoric. The poets crown her with laurel, holding a trumpet and a book, with three others near her, which are the Iliad, Odyssey, and the Aeneid.

7. POLYHYMНИA.

THIS Muse presides over rhetoric. She is represented in white robes, with a crown of pearls on her head, and a sceptre in her left hand, the right being extended as in the action of speaking.

8. URANIA.

URANIA presides over astronomy, and is distinguished by the celestial globe at her feet, and the radius in her hand.

9. MELPOMENE.

THIS Muse presides over tragedy. She is represented under the figure of a young virgin, with a serious countenance, magnificently dressed, with buckles on her legs, and sceptres and crowns in one, and in the other a poignard.

DEATH OF THE BRAVE CAROUGE.

THE death of the brave Carouge, a naval lieutenant, and commander of the Corvette L'Assemblé Nationale, is one of those events which ought to be handed down to posterity. The following account, taken from the *procès verbaux* of the shipwreck of this Corvette, arrived on the 10th Fructidor, in the 3d year of the French Republic, and may be added to the numerous examples of generous intrepidity in Frenchmen. Carouge finding himself pursued by an English frigate of the largest size, determined to run aground, sooner than become a prey to the enemy. The Corvette touches the rocks which are at the entry of the river de Treguier. Carouge preserves the utmost composure, cuts down his masts, and gives orders that the boats which had been put to sea to take the vessel in tow, should proceed immediately to land the ship's crew. He is earnestly requested to land himself, but in vain. "My

duty and honour, replied he, oblige me to remain the last on board ; save yourselves, I am at my post." The boats pick up a part of the crew. By and by the Corvette founders, and the brave Carouge, with the few brave companions who were left behind, sunk to the bottom. Every effort was put in practice to save them. Ensign Rogerie tried to secure the captain. I have done, says he, in his declaration, all in my power to preserve him ; I held him a considerable time by the hair, while he continued fast to one of my legs. But perceiving his strength failing, he let me go, saying, "you will perish with me, save yourself my friend, I will not be the cause of your death."

THE DEATH OF OSCAR :

A POEM.

[From MACPHERSON'S Translation of the POEMS OF OSSIAN,
Son of FINGAL.]

INTRODUCTION.

One of the fragments of Ancient Poetry lately published, gives a different account of the death of Oscar, the son of Ossian. The translator, though he well knew the more probable tradition concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Ossian's composition, has much of his manner, and concise turn of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has since come to the translator's hands, has enabled him to correct the mistake, into which a similarity of names had led those who handed down the poem by tradition. The heroes of the piece are Oscar the son of Caruth, and Dermid the son of Diaran. Ossian, or perhaps his imitator, opens the poem with a lamentation for Oscar, and afterwards, by an easy transition, relates the story of Oscar the son of Caruth, who seems to have borne the same character, as well as name, with Oscar the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian, yet

as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

WHY openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscar fell? My eyes are blind with tears; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannidir. I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Chief of the warriors, Oscar, my son! shall I see thee no more!

But, son of Alpin, the hero fell not harmless as the grafts of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his sword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar, thou son of Caruth, thou hast fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend.

Dermid and Oscar were one: They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardven. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant: warriors fainted at their names. Who was equal to Oscar, but Dermid? and who to Dermid, but Oscar!

They killed mighty Dargo in the field; Dargo who never fled in war. His daughter was fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower; her breath, the gale of spring: her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her and loved; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her as his fame; each must possess her, or die. But her soul was fixed on Oscar; the son of Caruth was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of Caruth, said Dermid, I love; O Oscar, I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this bosom, Oscar; relieve me, my friend, with thy sword.

My sword, son of Diaran, shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to slay me, O Oscar son of Caruth? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscar slay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy sword; son of Diaran, wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee! that my death came from the hand of Dermid!

They fought by the brook of the mountain, by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the running water, and curdled round the mossy stones. The stately Dermid fell; he fell, and smiled in death.

And fallest thou, son of Diaran, fallest thou by Oscar's hand! Dermid who never yielded in war, thus do I see thee fall! He went, and returned to the maid of his love; he returned, but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, son of Caruth? what shades thy mighty soul?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the shield of the valiant Gormur, whom I slew in battle. I have wasted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of Caruth, the skill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow: my father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her arrow flew, and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow; and blessed that bow of yew! Who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay the son of Caruth? Lay me in the earth, my fair one; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscar! the maid replied, I have the soul of the mighty Dargo: Well pleased I can meet death. My sorrow I can

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COLLIN and CELIA.

Prop

end. She pierced her white bosom with the steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb.⁶ Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence over all the hills.

RURAL FELICITY; OR, THE HISTORY OF COLLIN AND CELIA.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

SUCH scenes as we are going to exhibit, are little understood in the capital; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction, or romance, and that the raptures of innocent and pathetic love were never to be found but in the groves of Arcadia.

But the following simple narrative may serve to prove that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Collin is the son of a wealthy farmer in Staffordshire; when he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land with a cottage. Here he resided for some time completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

The statesman, who either has, or pretends to have, the good of his country at heart, and devotes all his time and attention to the service of his country, is sure, however, to have many calumniators. He is accused, if not of direct peculation, at least of having nothing in view but the loaves and fishes; that his avarice and ambition go hand in hand, and that all places in his gift are disposed of to his creatures, without paying the least attention to merit or abilities. His schemes are derided, and he is considered as the scourge of the people, by imposing such

burthensome taxes upon them as they cannot bear. His days are passed in violent contests, and his nights afford him little relief, as he dreads the morning, when he expects to see himself again abused in print. Collin knows no such anguish; he engages in no debates, and leaves politics and newspapers to the slaves of power and the fools of custom.

The peer who rides in his gilded carriage, is sometimes stript at the chocolate-house of all his cash, and his carriage at the door becomes his last stake, in which his antagonist rides home triumphantly, and leaves him, an itinerant dupe, to chew the cud of his folly, swear his prayers all morning upon his pillow, till his servant returns from St. Mary Axe with Isaac Abrahams, to lend him a thousand at cent. per cent. Collin is ignorant of all these perturbations of the mind; he rolls no gilded chariot, and knows nothing of Pharaoh and the four knaves who constantly accompany him.

We could trace the miseries of the great world, pomp, and riches, from the minister down to the merchant, and find an alderman perfectly miserable with a plumb and a handsome wife—the fall of stocks affects him sorely one way, and his doubts concerning his wife's fidelity disturb his rest and torment his thoughts in a bed of down.

But let us quit the contagious flattery and deceit of courts, and the noise, bustle, and anxiety of cities, and fly to those retreats where innocence and simplicity prevail, uncontaminated by pride, avarice, and ambition.

Collin had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelve-month, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companions, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not insusceptible of the tender passion—the moment he saw the lovely Celia, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with: his heart throbbed with those emotions to which it had been before an utter stranger. He viewed her with rapture, which was succeeded by pungent grief at her departure, and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the ascendancy Celia had gained over him.

On her part she was not insensible of the language of Collin's eyes, the only language that had as yet expressed his flame; and they had proved so eloquent, that she found them irresistible advocates in his favour. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast, but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Collin's sincerity.

An opportunity offered one evening, whilst they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds, and Collin, with a sigh, addressed Celia, saying, "How happy were his flocks to him." This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his heart, which were attended with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer discredit them, and she yielded to the impulse of her throbbing breast, to avouch her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this discovery, Collin now pressed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Celia at first evaded making a reply to this entreaty; but, at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with those of Collin, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentlemen of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin-money, and the like. Not a single parchment was used upon the occasion, nor is there likely to be one in consequence of a divorce or a separate maintenance. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, when no turtle or venison smoked upon their table; nor was Burgundia's vintage called in to quench their thirst. Their homely ale was all that graced their sideboard, and their viands, though good and wholesome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. This state may be justly pronounced **RURAL FELICITY** without alloy.

Here look, ye *little great*, with envy and despair at an elevated station you can never attain—for rank, titles, pomp, and riches, will never yield you one thousandth

part of the real bliss which Collin and Celia enjoy. You cannot hope to come in reach of it till you forego and forget all those baubles, those gewgaws which only dazzle and blind, and, like an *ignis fatuus*, misguide you from the road to genuine happiness, to wander in the labyrinth of misnamed pleasure, constantly attended with pungent anxiety, and excruciating pain!

FOR THE LADY AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, &c.

REFLECTIONS ON WHAT IS CALLED AMIABLE WEAKNESS IN WOMAN.

IT would be an endless task to trace the variety of meannesses, cares, and sorrows, into which women are plunged by the prevailing opinion, that they were created rather to feel than to reason, and that all the power they obtain, must be obtained by their charms and weakness;

‘ Fine by defect, and amiably weak! ’

And, made by this amiable weakness entirely dependent, excepting what they gain by illicit sway, on man, not only for protection, but advice, is it surprising that, neglecting the duties that reason alone points out, and shrinking from trials calculated to strengthen their minds, they only exert themselves to give their defects a graceful covering, which may serve to heighten their charms in the eye of the voluptuary, though it sink them below the scale of moral excellence?

Fragile in every sense of the word, they are obliged to look up to man for every comfort. In the most trifling dangers they cling to their support, with parasitical tenacity, piteously demanding succour; and their natural protector extends his arm, or lifts his voice, to guard the lovely trembler—from what? Perhaps the frown of an old cow, or the jump of a mouse; a rat would be a

serious danger. In the name of reason, and even common sense, what can save such beings from contempt; even though they be soft and fair?

These fears, when not affected, may be very pretty; but they shew a degree of imbecility that degrades a rational creature in a way women are not aware of—for love and esteem are very distinct things.

I am fully persuaded that we should hear of none of these infantine airs, if girls were allowed to take sufficient exercise, and not confined in close rooms till their muscles are relaxed, and their powers of digestion destroyed. To carry the remark still further, if fear in girls, instead of being cherished, perhaps, created, was treated in the same manner as cowardice in boys, we should quickly see women with more dignified aspects. It is true, they could not then with equal propriety be termed the sweet flowers that smile in the walk of man: but they would be more respectable members of society, and discharge the important duties of life by the light of their own reason. 'Educate women like men,' says Rousseau, 'and the more they resemble our sex the less power will they have over us.' This is the very point I aim at. I do not wish them to have power over men; but over themselves.

—
whc

FINE LADIES, AND NOTABLE WOMEN.

WOMEN, when they receive a careful education, are either made fine ladies, brimful of sensibility, and teeming with capricious fancies; or mere notable women. The latter are often friendly, honest creatures, and have a shrewd kind of good sense joined with worldly prudence, that often render them more useful members of society than the fine sentimental lady, though they possess neither greatness of mind nor taste. The intellectual world is shut against them; take them out of their family or neighbourhood, and they stand still, the mind finding no employment; for literature affords a fund of amusement which

they have never sought to relish, but frequently to despise. The sentiments and taste of more cultivated minds appear ridiculous, even in those whom chance and family connections have led them to love; but in mere acquaintance they think it all affectation.

A man of sense can only love such a woman on account of her sex, and respect her because she is a trusty servant. He lets her, to preserve his own peace, scold the servants, and go to church in clothes made of the very best materials. A man of her own size of understanding would, probably, not agree so well with her; for he might wish to encroach on her prerogative, and manage some domestic concerns himself. Yet women, whose minds are not enlarged by cultivation, or the natural selfishness of sensibility expanded by reflection, are very unfit to manage a family; for, by an undue stretch of power, they are always tyrannizing to support a superiority that only rests on the arbitrary distinction of fortune. The evil is sometimes more serious, and domestics are deprived of innocent indulgences, and made to work beyond their strength, in order to enable the notable woman to keep a better table, and outshine her neighbours in finery and parade. If she attend to her children, it is, in general, to dress them in a costly manner—and, whether this attention arises from vanity or fondness, it is equally pernicious.

Besides, how many women of this description pass their days; or, at least, their evenings, discontentedly. Their husbands acknowledge that they are good managers, and chaste wives; but leave home to seek for more agreeable, may I be allowed to use a significant French word, *piquant* society; and the patient drudge, who fulfils her task, like a blind horse in a mill, is defrauded of her just reward; for the wages due to her are the caresses of her husband; and women who have so few resources in themselves, do not very patiently bear this privation of a natural right.

A fine lady, on the contrary, has been taught to look down with contempt on the vulgar employments of life; though she has only been cited to acquire accomplishments that rise a degree above sense; for even corporeal accom-

plishments cannot be acquired with any degree of precision unless the understanding has been strengthened by exercise. Without a foundation of principles taste is superficial; and grace must arise from something deeper than imitation. The imagination, however, is heated, and the feelings rendered fastidious, if not sophisticated; or, a counterpoise of judgment is not acquired, when the heart still remains artless, though it becomes too tender.

These women are often amiable; and their hearts are really more sensible to general benevolence, more alive to the sentiments that civilize life, than the square-elbowed family drudge; but, wanting a due proportion of reflection and self-government, they only inspire love; and are the mistresses of their husbands, whilst they have any hold on their affections, and the platonic friends of his male acquaintance. These are the fair defects in nature; the women who appear to be created not to enjoy the fellowship of man, but to save him from sinking into absolute brutality, by rubbing off the rough angles of his character; and by playful dalliance to give some dignity to the appetite that draws him to them.—Gracious Creator of the whole human race! hast thou created such a being as woman, who can trace thy wisdom in thy works, and feel that thou alone art by thy nature, exalted above her,—for no better purpose?—Can she believe that she was only made to submit to man, her equal; a being, who, like her, was sent into the world to acquire virtue? Can she consent to be occupied merely to please him; merely to adorn the earth, when her soul is capable of rising to thee?—And can she rest supinely dependent on man for reason, when she ought to mount with him the arduous steeps of knowledge?

Yet, if love be the supreme good, let women be only educated to inspire it, and let every charm be polished to intoxicate the senses; but if they are moral beings, let them have a chance to become intelligent; and let love to man be only a part of that glowing flame of universal love, which, after encircling humanity, mounts in graceful incense to God.

THE VIRTUE OF MODESTY.

PERHAPS, there is not a virtue that mixes so kindly with every other as modesty.—It is the pale moon-beam that renders more interesting every virtue it softens, giving mild grandeur to the contracted horizon. Nothing can be more beautiful than the poetical fiction, which makes Diana with her silver crescent, the goddess of chastity. I have sometimes thought, that wandering with sedate step in some lonely recess, a modest dame of antiquity must have felt a glow of conscious dignity when, after contemplating the soft shadowy landscape, she has invited with placed fervour the mild reflection of her sister's beams to turn to her chaste bosom.

A Christian has still nobler motives to incite her to preserve her chastity and acquire modesty, for her body has been called the Temple of the living God; of that God who requires more than modesty of mien. His eye searcheth the heart; and let her remember, that if she hopeth to find favour in the sight of purity itself, her chastity must be founded on modesty and not on worldly prudence; or verily a good reputation will be her only reward; for that awful intercourse, that sacred communication, which virtue establishes between man and his Maker, must give rise to the wish of being pure as he is pure!

After the foregoing remarks, it is almost superfluous to add, that I consider all those feminine airs of maturity, which succeed bashfulness, to which truth is sacrificed, to secure the heart of a husband, or rather to force him to be still a lover when nature would, had she not been interrupted in her operations, have made love give place to friendship, as immodest. The tenderness which a man will feel for the mother of his children is an excellent substitute for the ardour of unsatisfied passion; but to prolong that ardour it is indelicate, not to say immodest, for women to feign an unnatural coldness of constitution. Women as well as men ought to have the common appetites and passions of their nature, they are only brutal when unchecked by reason; but the obligation to check

them is the duty of mankind, not a sexual duty. Nature, in these respects, may safely be left to herself; let women only acquire knowledge and humanity, and love will teach them modesty. There is no need of falsehoods, disgusting as futile, for studied rules of behaviour only impose on shallow observers; a man of sense soon sees through, and despises the affectation.

Would ye, O my sisters, really possess modesty, ye must remember that the possession of virtue, of any denomination, is incompatible with ignorance and vanity! ye must acquire that soberness of mind, which the exercise of duties, and the pursuit of knowledge, alone inspire, or ye will still remain in a doubtful dependent situation, and only be loved whilst ye are fair! The downcast eye, the rosy blush, the retiring grace, are all proper in their season; but modesty, being the child of reason, cannot long exist with the sensibility that is not tempered by reflection. Besides, when love, even innocent love, is the whole employ of your lives, your hearts will be too soft to afford modesty that tranquil retreat, where she delights to dwell, in close union with humanity.



NEW-YORK, October 20.

MANAGERS of the CITY ASSEMBLY for the present Season.

JAMES FARQUHAR,	JAMES SCOTT,
JACOB MORTON,	WILLIAM M. SETON,
WILLIAM S. SMITH,	AQUILA GILES.

The Assemblies, by existing regulations, commence the last Thursday in October, and conclude the first Thursday in April.

At a meeting of a number of Gentlemen for forming Subscription Balls for the present season, the following were chosen Managers.

CHARLES ADAMS,	SAMUEL SUYDAM,
MATURIN LIVINGSTON,	PETER GOLET,
ELIAS HICKS,	PIERRE FLAMING.

SELECT
COUNTRY DANCES.

FOR THE YEAR 1796.



MRS. ROBERTSON'S REEL.

FIRST couple set to the second lady, the same to the second gentleman, lead down the middle, up again, right and left at top.

MISS TAIT'S REEL.

First and second couple set half right and left, back again, lead down the middle, up again and allemand.

MISS STEWARD'S STRATHSPEY.

First and second couple set and change fides, back again, lead down the middle, up again, and allemand.

MISS DRUMMOND'S REEL.

First couple set to the second lady, and hands three round, the same with the second gentleman, lead down the middle, up again, right and left at top.

MISS COCKBURN'S STRATHSPEY.

Cast off two couple, up again, and lead down the middle, up again, hands six round and back again.

MISS BIGG'S FAVORITE.

Set, hands across and back again \div lead down the middle, up again, cast off \div right and left at top.

MISS FARQUHARSON'S REEL.

Set and hands across, back again, lead down the middle, up again, allemand, swing corners and lead outsides.

O'CONNOR'S WHIM.

Turn your partner with the right hand, back again with the left hand, lead down the middle, up again and cast off, right and left at top.

MISS BALCARRAS'S REEL.

Hands six round and back again, lead down the middle, up again and allemand.

DRUMMOND HOUSE.

Cast off two couple, up again, lead down the middle, up again, set three and three top and bottom, set three and three sideways, hands six round.

MISS DAKER'S REEL.

Set and hands across and back again, lead down the middle, up again, allemand, swing corners, and lead outsides.

MISS ABERCROMBY'S DELIGHT.

First lady set to the second gentleman and turn the third, first gentleman set to the second lady and turn the third, set three and three at top, set three and three at bottom, hands six round.

MISS GADDE'S STRATHSPEY.

First couple allemand, lead down the middle, up again, and cut off, hand four round at bottom, right and left at top.

MISS FLEMMING'S FANCY.

Turn your partner with the right hand, then with the left, lead down the middle, up again, cross over right and left.

MISS CARD'S REEL.

Turn your partner with your right hand, back again with the left, lead down the middle, up again and cast off, right and left at top.

THE WALTZ.

The first couple allemand with his partner, the second couple do the same, then the first and second couple change sides and back again, hands across, back again, first second and third couple promenade round, then the first and second couple poufett.

[For the LADY and GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

[The following beautiful lines are the production of a Female Correspondent.]

A YOUNG LADY'S DESIRE.

AURORA decks the morning skies,
The balmy zephyrs gently rise,
And fragrance fills the air,
Soft on a mossy bank reclin'd,
A damsel beauteous, good and kind,
She sent to Heaven her prayer.

Amidst the ills of human life,
Corroding cares, perplexing strife,
May pity touch my breast :
My self am frail, then may I know
To feel a fellow mortal's woe,
And sooth his pains to rest.

May gentle sympathy controul,
Guide every movement of my soul ;
For oh the bliss sincere,
To join in pleasure's youthful train ;
To sigh when sorrow sinks in pain,
And ask the kindred tear.

Grant me ye powers some kind retreat,
Where Nature's frugal bounties meet ;
I ask not stores of wealth.
Not all that grandeur calls her own,
Can give the bliss, that springs alone
From innocence and health.

If marriage e'er should be my fate,
May Heaven provide some gentle mate--
Young, sensible, and kind.

May mutual love our bosoms fire,
Long may we live and still admire,
And still new beauties find.

And let a smiling train be found
Of sportive infants, prattling round ;
The object of our prayer.
And while we watch their opening charms,
With all a parent's fond alarms,
May Heaven succeed our care.

Thus let us pass the boad of life,
A constant friend, a cheerful wife ;
Tho' cheerful, yet demure :
In bleffing others, truly bleft,
Then gently sink at laft to rest,
And find my bliss secure.

ELIZA.

SELECT POETRY.

[The following VERSES, taken from a late publication, are deemed worthy a place in the present Number of the LADY and GENTLEMAN's POCKET MAGAZINE, &c.]

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam ! once in Eden,
When like us he blighted fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins much, too much presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly walking,
 See the end of all your care,
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honor, feed on praises,
 Flutt'ring high in fancy'd worth,
 Lo! the fickle air that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned Sophs, in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call;
 Cease at length, by us persuaded,
 Every leaf must have a fall.

Youth, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health, and manly grace,
 Let no coldleſs skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable fires, grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
 Think amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells a Winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach the truth concerning,
 Heaven and earth will pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
 Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd,
 Which alone, forever vernal,
 Bears those leaves that never fade.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

THE sun was just retir'd, the dews of eve
Their glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale;
The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
Telling, with many a pause, her tenderest tale.

No clamour loud disturb'd the pensive hour,
And the young moon yet fearful of the night,
Rear'd her pale crescent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
That caught the parting orb's still lingering light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark the way,
A wounded soldier feebly mov'd along;
Nor aught regarded he the softning ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,
Unsightly remnant of the battle's rage;
While pity in his youthful form might view,
A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as with strange contortions, lab'ring slow,
He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
And saw the well known prospect spread below,
The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill.

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh,
Shook the firm texture of his torur'd heart;
And from his hollow and dejected eye
One trembling tear flood ready to depart.

" How chang'd, he cry'd, is this fair scene to me,
Since last across the narrow path I went,
The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
Nor any human breast more true content.

When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow thrown,
Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd;
My prowess too at harvest time was shewn,
While Lucy's carrol ev'ry labour cheer'd.

The burning rays I scarcely seem'd to feel,
 If the dear maiden near me chanc'd to rove;
 Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
 It was a rich repast, a feast of love.

And when at ev'ning, with a rustic's pride,
 I dar'd the sturdiest wrestlers on the green,
 What joy was mine! to hear her at my side,
 Extol my vigor and my manly mien.

Ah! now no more the sprightly lass shall run,
 To bid me welcome from the sultry plain;
 But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
 And all our cherish'd fondest hopes be vain.

Alas! my parents, must ye too endure,
 That I should ever gloom your homely mirth,
 Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
 And make ye curse the hour that gave me birth.

O! hapless day, when at a neigb'ring wake,
 The gaudy serjeant caught my wond'ring eye,
 And as his tongue of war and honor spake,
 I felt a wish—to conquer or to die.

Then, while he bound the ribbands on my brow,
 He talk'd of Captains kind and Gen'rals good,
 Said a whole nation would my faine avow,
 And Bounty call'd the purchase of my blood.

Yet I refus'd the bounty---I disdain'd
 To sell my service in a righteous cause—
 And such to my dull sense was then explain'd,
 The cause of Monarchs, Justice, and the laws.

The rattling drums beat loud, the fife's begin,
 My native Country seem'd to ask my aid;
 Thro' ev'ry vein my thrilling ardour ran,
 I left my humble cot, my village maid.

O hapless day! torn from my Lucy's charms,
 I thence was hurried to a scene of strife;

To painful marches and the din of arms,
The wreck of reason and the waste of life.

In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field,
Now backward driv'n, like leaves before the wind,
Too weak to stand, and yet ashame'd to yield.

Till oft' repeated victories infir'd
With tenfold fury the indignant foe;
Who ruthles still advanc'd, as we retir'd,
And laid our boasted proudest honors low.

Thro' frozen deserts then compell'd to fly.
Our bravest legions moulder fast away,
Thousands of wounds and sicknes left to die,
While hov'ring ravens mark them for their prey.

Unequal contest—at fair freedom's call
The lowliest hind glows with celestial fire—
She rules, directs, pervades, and conquers all,
And armies at her sacred glance expire.

Then be this warfare of the world accurst—
The son now weeps not on the father's bier,
But grey-hair'd age (for nature is revers'd)
Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear."

Thus having spoke—by varying passions tost,
He reach'd the threshold of his parents' bier,
Who knew not of his fate, yet mourn'd him lost,
Amidst the number of the un-nam'd dead.

Soon as they heard his well remember'd voice,
A ray of rapture chas'd habitual care:
"Our Henry lives, we may again réjoice!"
And Lucy sweetly blush'd, for she was there.

But when he enter'd in such horrid guise,
His mother shriek'd and dropp'd upon the floor;
His father look'd to heav'n with streaming eyes,
And Lucy sunk abas! to rise no more.

O may this tale, which agony must close,
 Give deep contrition to the self-call'd great;
 And shew the poor how hard the lot of those,
 Who shed their blood for miseries so great.

What's the perspective that our nature gives?
 A dreary wild of misery and death:
 While envy stalks in pride, poor merit pines,
 And trembling doubt appears in ev'ry breath.

THE EVERGREEN.

WHEN tepid breezes fann'd the air,
 And violets perfum'd the gale,
 Pensive and grave my charming fair
 Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flourish, said I, those shady boughs,
 And ever sooth the purest flames;
 Witness to none but faithful vows,
 Wounded by none but faithful names.

Yield every tree that crowns the grove
 To this which pleas'd my wandering dear!
 Range where ye will, ye bands of love,
 Ye still shall seem to revel here.

Lavinia smil'd—and whilst her arm
 Her fair reclining head sustain'd,
 betray'd, she felt some fresh alarm,
 And thus the meaning smile explain'd.

When suns, or suns shine forth no more,
 Will then this lime its shelter yield?
 Protect us when the tempests roar,
 And winter drives us from the field?

Yet faithful then the fir shall last—
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,

To think when my fair season's past,
Which Damon then will most resemble.

ANSWER.

Too tim'rous maid, can time or chance,
A pure ingenuous flame controul?
O lay aside that tender glance,
That melts my frame, that kills my soul.

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
Frail origin of female clay,
My flame like other flames inspir'd,
Might then like other flames decay.

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,
Thy foul's unfading charms be seen;
Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
Yet find thy swain an evergreen.

THE VIOLET.

SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his nest,
And sings a salute to the dawn;
The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
Whilst the fons of intemp'rance to folly give way,
And flumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
How flaunting the glo's on its vest,
How proud and how stately it stands on its stalk,
In beauty's diversity drest;
From the rose, the carnation, the pink, and the clove,
What odours incessantly spring!
The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
 The violet humbly retreats ;
 In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
 Yet none can excel her in sweets :
 So humble (that though with unparallel'd grace
 She might e'en a palace adorn)
 She oft' in the hedge hides her innocent face,
 And grows at the foot of a thorn.

So beauty, my fair-one, is doubly refin'd,
 When modesty heightens her charms ;
 When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
 We long to be lock'd in her arms :
 Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
 And the graces attend at her call—
 To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
 And hail thee the violet of all.



SONGS.



FOR WE SHALL BOTH GROW OLDER.

THEY tell me I'm too young to wed,
 But sure 'tis all a fancy,
 A smiling girl runs in my head,
 'Tis pretty little Nancy :
 My mother says it must not be,
 Tho' this I've often told her—
 That Nancy is as young as me,
 And we shall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,
 Her smiles just hit my fancy :
 No girl so mild, so soft, so fair,
 As pretty little Nancy :

Then why not wed as well as love?
And so I've often told her;
If too young now, we shall improve,
For we shall both grow older.

When year on year rolls o'er her head,
She still will please my fancy,
As when to church I fondly led
My pretty little Nancy;
Then let us wed, as love invites,
For this I've often told her—
'Tis love alone can give delight
When we are both grown older.

O LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE,

O LISTEN, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove,
The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove:
To softer joys let splendor yield,
O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flow'rs their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne fondly let us stray,
Where whisp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay;
O listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys:
Then listen to the voice of love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, merchant, to Miss MARGARET VAN HORNE, daughter of Mr. James Van Horne, merchant, late of this city, deceased.

On Saturday 1st. inst. by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, DANIEL PARIS, Esq. of Montgomery county, to Miss KITTY IRVING, daughter of Mr. William Irving, of this city.

The same evening, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. JONAS MAPES, to Miss ELIZABETH TYLEE, daughter of Mr. James Tylee, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. GARLAND DAVIES, to Miss ELIZABETH BARTON, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. THOMAS RINGWOOD, Printer, to Miss CATHARINE HERBERT, both of this city.

On Thursday, the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. A. M'GREGOR, merchant, to Miss JANET WILSON, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. ABEL STOCKWELL to Mrs. JANE RUD, of this city.

On Monday evening the 17th inst. Mr. JOHN MUNROE, merchant, of this city, to Miss OLIVIA ROE, of Woodbridge, New-Jersey.

DIED,

On Friday morning, the 30th ult. after a short illness, in the 21st year of his age, Mr. EFFINGHAM WARNER, son of Mr. George Warner, of this city.

At Norfolk, on Thursday, the 3d inst. after a short illness, Mr. WILLIAM KING, comedian, who lately arrived there from this city, and had joined the Virginia company.

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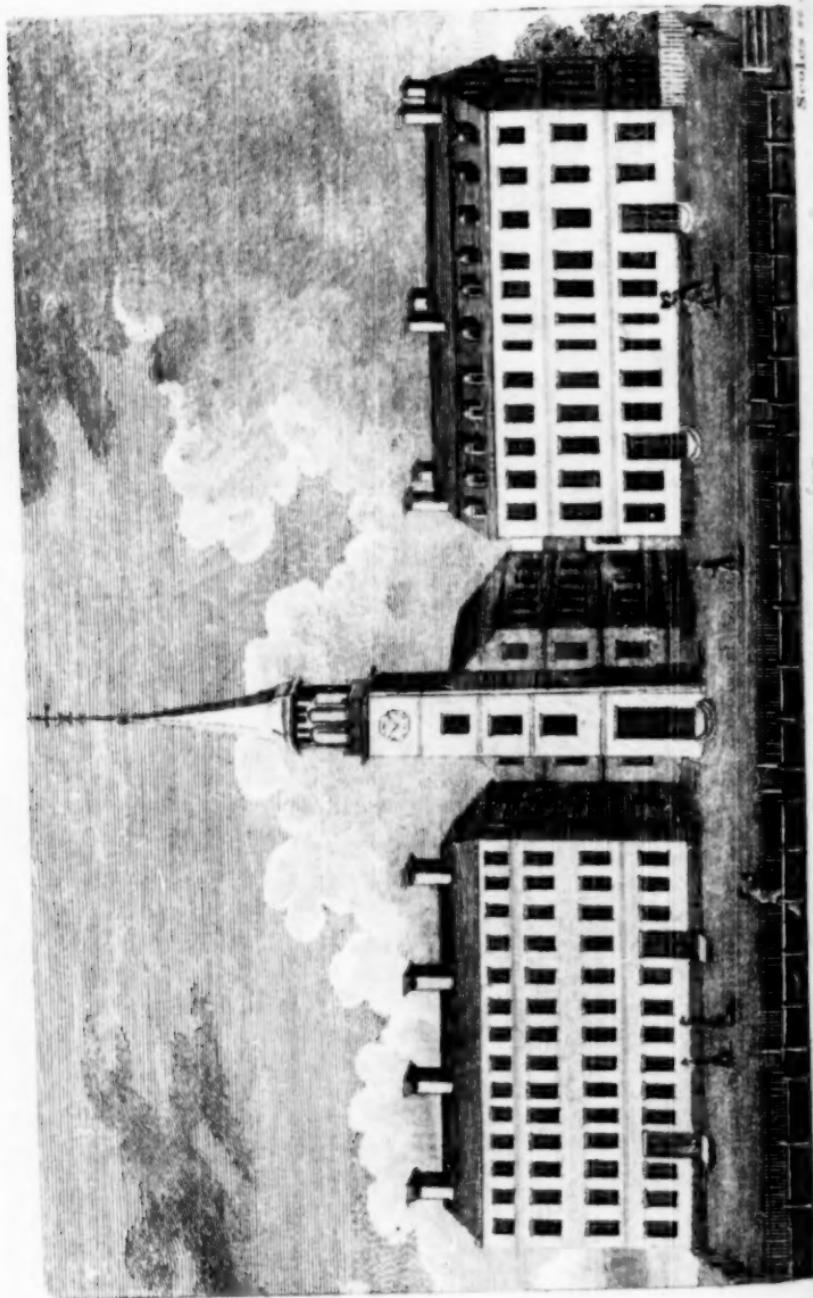
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DGERS,
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St. Louis, Mo.

Viewed from the south, New Haven.